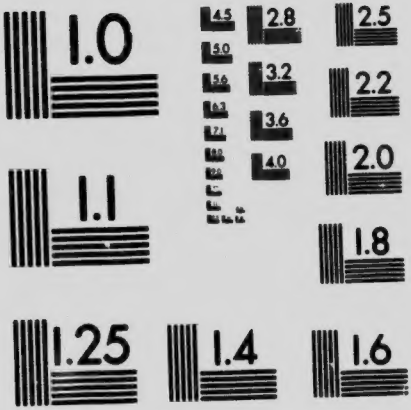

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BY LILLIAN E. NIXON

THIS volume contains a number of those juvenile classics which have delighted generation after generation, arranged with full directions for acting. Children the world over love to enact the tales they read and Miss Nixon has made this easy by her simple instructions as to costume (all of which may be made at home), dialogue, and playing.

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FAIRY TALES

A CHILD CAN READ AND ACT

By Lillian Edith Nixon

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forgetful not thee
waters O Inis
they fail
Alfred T
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FAIRY TALES
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FAIRY TALES A CHILD CAN READ AND ACT

Children's Classics In Dramatic Form

By Lillian Edith Nixon, M. A.

Illustrations by Robert Gaston Herbert

TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED

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THIS little book claims to be neither original nor unique. Dramatic reading is at present much in vogue and dramatic readers are becoming numerous. While this phase of work in the schools may assume the aspect of a fad on account of its sudden impulse and more sudden prevalence, the thoughtful teacher will recognize the validity of its underlying principle and the permanent value of its wise use in the classroom.

As a stimulus to the imagination, through which to attain creative reading — the end of all reading — dramatic imitation has great value. To assume the rôle of a character, and by voice and action to portray the thoughts and feelings of that character, require imaginative insight and power of expression. Dramatic reading is, therefore, a direct means of training imagination, of quick-

ening literary appreciation, and of giving power of interpretation through the development of the play instinct of childhood.

The book here offered has arisen out of a need for dramatic literature suitable to our second grade. The reading material of the grade has been used as subject matter; the dramatic quality of its parts has furnished the principle of selection of the scenes. The work has been tested in the classroom for three years with results that justify its continued use. The scenes are enacted with the utmost simplicity. The pupils arrange the stage settings according to their own ideas, using such scanty materials as the classroom offers, but relying for the most part upon their imagination. Voice and action are the chief instruments of resort.

This book is used as a supplement to the other work of the grade, to vitalize the reading, to stimulate literary appreciation, and to develop the power of interpretation.

EMMA G. SEBRING.

St. Agatha, 1911.

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD

SCENE I

TIME: Early one summer morning.

PLACE: The door of Little Red Riding-Hood's cottage.

CHARACTERS

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD
HER MOTHER

Mother (*coming to the door with a little basket*). Go, my dear, and see how thy grandma does, for I hear she has been very ill. Carry her these cakes and this little pot of butter.

L. R. R-H. Yes, mother. (*She takes the basket and trips away.*)

SCENE II

TIME: A little later in the morning.
PLACE: The forest.

CHARACTERS

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

THE WOLF

Wolf. Good morning, Little Red Riding-Hood. Whither art thou going and what hast thou in thy little basket?

L. R. R-H. I am going to see my grandma, and am taking her some cakes, and a little pot of butter from my mother.

Wolf. Where does thy grandma live?

L. R. R-H. In the first house beyond the mill there.

Wolf. I think I will go to see her, too. I'll go this way and you go that way, and we'll see which of us will get there first. (*He hurries away. L. R. R-H. walks on slowly, picking flowers and listening to the birds.*)

Wolf: "I'll go this way and you go that way, and we'll see which of us will get there first."

SCENE III

TIME: A few minutes later.
PLACE: Another part of the wood.

CHARACTERS

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD
AN OLD WOMAN
THE GREEN HUNTSMAN

(*Little Red Riding-Hood enters walking slowly along. She comes to an old woman with a basket on her arm, gathering water-cresses.*)

L. R. R-H. Let me fill your basket. (*She fills the basket quickly and hands it back to the old woman.*)

Old Woman. Thank you, my child. If you see the Green Huntsman on your way, tell him from me that there is game in the wind.

(*Little Red Riding-Hood walks on, looking all about for the Green Huntsman.*

She soon sees him. He is dressed all in green and he has a bow and arrow in his hand.)

L. R. R-H. (*courtesying*). Good morning, Mr. Huntsman. The watercress woman asked me to tell thee from her that there is game in the wind.

(*The huntsman nods gravely. Then he fits an arrow into his bow and walks on.*)

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN

SCENE IV

TIME: A few minutes later.

PLACE: The grandmother's cottage.

CHARACTERS

THE WOLF

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN

(*The Wolf enters and knocks at the door. No one answers. He knocks again. Still no answer. Then he opens the door. There is no one there.*)

Wolf. Good! I know what I shall do. (*He draws on the grandmother's cap and nightgown and gets into bed. In a few minutes he hears Little Red Riding-Hood knock.*) Who's there?

L. R. R-H. 'Tis thy grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought thee some cakes and a little pot of butter mother sends thee.

Wolf. Pull the string and the latch will come up. (*Little Red Riding-Hood pulls the string and enters the room.*)

Wolf. Put the cakes and the little pot of butter upon the stool and come and sit down by me.

L. R. R-H. (*opening her eyes wide in wonder*). Grandmother, what great arms you have!

Wolf. All the better to hug thee, my dear.

L. R. R-H. Grandmother, what great legs you have!

Wolf. All the better to run with, my child.

L. R. R-H. Grandmother, what great ears you have!

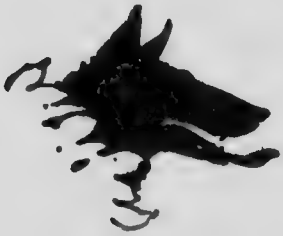
Wolf. All the better to hear with, my child.

L. R. R-H. (*wondering more and more*). Grandmother, what great eyes you have!

Wolf. All the better to see with, my child.

L. R. R-H. But, Grandmother, what great teeth you have!

Wolf. All the better for eating you up. (*He leaps out of bed and is about to spring upon Little Red Riding-Hood, when the Green Huntsman appears in the doorway. He lets fly his arrow and kills the wolf.*)



PETER AND THE MAGIC GOOSE

PETER AND THE MAGIC GOOSE

SCENE I

TIME: One summer morning.
PLACE: The forest.

CHARACTER

JACOB

THE LITTLE OLD MAN

(Jacob is trying to decide upon a tree to cut down. A little man, very old and feeble, enters.)

Little Old Man (*to Jacob*). Kind sir, will you not give me a piece of that nice cake which is in your pocket? I have not had anything to eat since yesterday.

Jacob. Indeed, I will not. I have nothing for beggars. If you want food, you must work for it as I do. (*The little old man hobbles away.*)

Jacob (*chopping at the tree*). Oh, dear! I have cut my arm. I must go home and have it bound up.

SCENE II

TIME: The next morning.
PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS

JOHN

THE LITTLE OLD MAN

Little Old Man. Will you please give me a bit of your cake, and let me have a taste

of the milk in that bottle, for I am almost dead with hunger and thirst.

John. Why should I give you anything? I have no more than I need for myself. (*The little old man goes away.*)

John. Oh! I have cut my foot. (*He goes home.*)

SCENE III

TIME: The next morning.
PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS

PETER

THE LITTLE OLD MAN

(*Peter has just found the tree. He sits down on a log and takes a crust of bread from his pocket. The little old man enters.*)

Little Old Man. Please give me one little crumb of your bread and a drop of the milk in your flask, for I am dying of hunger and thirst.

Peter. Come and sit down with me on this log, and I will share it all with you.

Little Old Man. You are a very kind-hearted lad, and I will tell you a secret. When you have cut the tree down look in the hollow stump. There you will find a strange creature which you must take up in your arms and carry to the King. It may be that some people will try to touch the creature as you are walking along; and so you must be sure whenever

it cries out to say, "Hold fast! hold fast! hold fast!" (*He disappears.*)

(*Peter cuts down the tree. In the hollow stump sits a goose. Peter picks it up in his arms and starts at once for the King's palace.*)

SCENE IV

TIME: Later in the day.

PLACE: The road leading to the palace.

CHARACTERS

PETER
THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER
THE STABLE BOY
THE CLOWN
THE MAYOR
THE MAYOR'S WIFE
THE PRINCESS
THE KING
SERVANTS

Innkeeper's Daughter. Where did you get that pretty goose? Give me one of its feathers, won't you?

Peter. Come and pull one out. (*As the girl lays her hand on the bird's wing, the goose screams.*)

Peter. Hold fast! hold fast! hold fast! (*The girl's fingers are stuck fast to the goose. Peter walks steadily on.*)

Innkeeper's Daughter (*to the stable boy*). Oh! Tommy, Tommy, give me your hand and set me free from this horrid goose.

Tommy. Of course I will. (*He seizes the girl's hand. The goose screams.*)

Peter. Hold fast! hold fast! hold fast! (*So the stable boy is obliged to go along with them. They meet a circus clown.*)

Clown. What's the matter there? Have three more clowns come to town?

Stable Boy. I am no clown. But this girl holds my hand so tight that I can't get away. Come, set me free, and I will

Innkeeper's Daughter: "Where did you get that pretty goose? Give me one of its feathers, won't you?"

do you as good a turn some day. (*The clown seizes the stable boy by the string of his apron. The goose screams.*)

Peter. Hold fast! hold fast! hold fast! (*So the clown has to walk after Peter. They meet the Mayor.*)

Mayor (*to the clown*). What do you mean by grinning at me? (*He seizes the clown's coat tail and tries to stop him. The goose screams.*)

Peter. Hold fast! hold fast! hold fast! (*So the Mayor has to go with the rest. The Mayor's wife runs after them and seizes her husband's free arm and tries to pull him away. The goose screams.*)

Peter. Hold fast! hold fast! hold fast! (*So the Mayor's wife has to go along. They meet the King's daughter with several servants. As the Princess looks at Peter and his train she begins to laugh merrily.*)

Servants. The Princess has laughed! The Princess has laughed!

King (*running out from the palace*). My

good friend, which will you choose? (*Peter stares at him stupidly without speaking.*)

King. Do you know what I promised to the one who would make my daughter laugh?

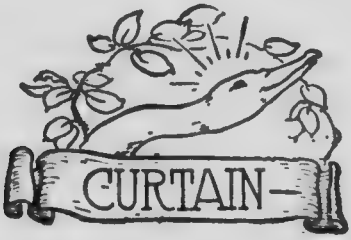
Peter. No, I don't believe I do.

King. I promised a thousand dollars or a piece of land. Which will you choose?

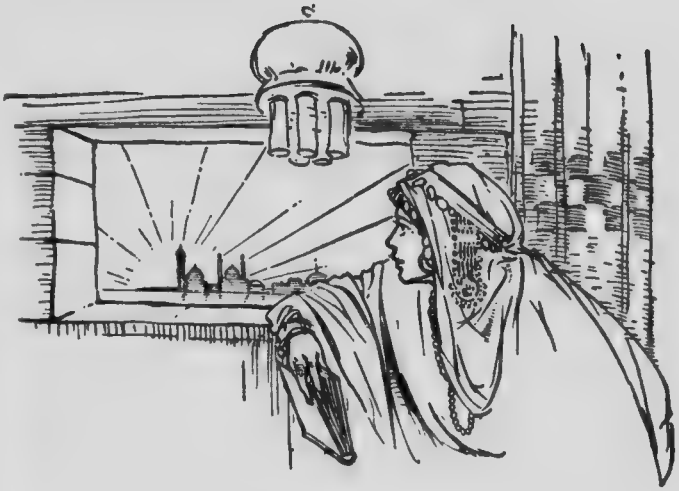
Peter. I think I'll take the land. (*He strokes the goose's head, and in a moment the girl and the stable boy and the clown and the Mayor and the Mayor's wife are free, and they all run home.*)

Princess. What a pretty bird! (*She strokes its neck. The goose screams.*)

Peter. Hold fast! hold fast! hold fast! (*So the Princess has to go with Peter.*)



BLUEBEARD



BLUEBEARD

SCENE I

TIME: One month after Bluebeard's marriage.

PLACE: A room in his house.

CHARACTERS

BLUEBEARD

HIS WIFE

(Bluebeard's wife, who is very beautiful, is seated reading. Bluebeard, who has a

long blue beard, enters, dressed for a journey.)

Bluebeard (*holding out a bunch of keys*). I find I must go away this morning on important business. I shall probably be gone six weeks. Here are the keys of the two great storerooms for furniture; these smaller ones are for the chests which contain my silver and gold plate; these open my strong boxes which hold my money; and this is the master key to all the rooms. But this little one here is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open all the others; go everywhere else; but into this little closet I forbid you to enter, and I forbid you so strictly that if you do open it, there is nothing you may not expect from my anger.

Wife. I will do all as you command, my lord. But hasten your journey that you may the sooner return to me.

(Bluebeard embraces her and starts on his journey.)

SCENE II

TIME: An hour later.

PLACE: Outside the door of the forbidden closet.

CHARACTER

WIFE

(Bluebeard's wife enters softly and stands for some moments with her hand on the door-knob. She holds the key in her hand. At last, trembling, she fits it into the keyhole. Finally, she opens the door and enters. In a few minutes she comes out, pale and frightened, and trying to rub a bloodstain from the key.)

Wife. Alas, what will become of me? The dreadful heads! The blood upon the floor! And the stain will not come

off. (*She rubs again at the key, and goes away weeping.*)

SCENE III

TIME: The next morning.
PLACE: The same as in Scene I.

CHARACTERS

BLUEBEARD
HIS WIFE
SISTER ANNE
THE TWO BROTHERS

(*Bluebeard and his wife are sitting together talking. She still looks pale and distressed.*)

Bluebeard. Since I was able to return so much earlier than I expected, I may as well take back the keys. (*She hands him the bunch, with the little one missing.*) How is it that the key of my closet is not here with the rest?

Wife (*frightened*). I must have left it on my table.

Bluebeard. Go quickly and bring it. (*She leaves the room and returns with the key, which she hands to Bluebeard.*)

Bluebeard (*looking closely at the key*). How comes this stain upon the key?

Wife (*trembling*). I do not know.

Bluebeard. You do not know? Well, *I* know very well. You wanted to go into the closet, did you? Very well, madam; you shall go in and take your place among the ladies you saw there. (*She throws herself upon her knees beside him, weeping.*)

Wife. Oh, my good lord, forgive me. I meant no harm. I am too young to die.

Bluebeard. You *must* die, madam, and that at once.

Wife (*rising*). Then give me at least a little time to say my prayers.

Bluebeard. I will give you half a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more. (*He leaves the room.*)

Wife (*calling softly*). Sister Anne! (*Sister Anne enters.*) Go up, I beg you, to the top of the tower and see if my brothers are not coming. They promised they would come to-day; and if you see them, give them a sign to make haste. (*Anne hurries away.*)

Wife. Anne, Sister Anne, do you see no one coming?

Anne (*calling from above*). I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green.

Bluebeard (*calling from below*). Come down quickly, or I shall come up to you.

Wife. One moment longer, if you please. (*Softly.*) Anne, Sister Anne, do you see no one coming?

Sister Anne. I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green.

Bluebeard (*from below*). Come down at once, or I shall come up to you.

Wife. I am coming. (*Calling softly.*) Anne, Sister Anne, do you see no one coming?

Sister Anne. I see a great dust, that comes from this side.

Wife. Is it my brothers?

Sister Anne. Alas! no, my sister! It is only a flock of sheep.

Bluebeard: "Come down at once, or I shall come up to you.

Bluebeard (*in a terrible voice*). Will you not come down?

Wife. One moment longer. Anne, Sister Anne, do you see no one coming?

Sister Anne. I see two horsemen coming, but they are yet a great way off.

Wife (*joyfully*). God be praised! They are my brothers. Give them a sign to make haste.

(*Bluebeard enters the room with his beard bristling, and a cutlass in his hand. His wife throws herself at his feet in tears.*)

Bluebeard. All this does not help you. You must die. (*He seizes her hair with one hand and raises the cutlass with the other. At this moment the two brothers enter the room, and rush upon Bluebeard. He flees, and they pursue him. The wife falls fainting into a chair. Sister Anne runs in and leads her away.*)

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

SCENE I

TIME: A winter morning.
PLACE: A bare field.

CHARACTER

THE CRICKET

Cricket (looking about for something to eat and shivering with cold). Oh, what will become of me? Not a crumb can be found on this snow-covered ground; not a flower can I see; not a leaf on a tree.

SCENE II

TIME: Later in the day.
PLACE: The house of an ant.

CHARACTERS

THE ANT

THE CRICKET

(*The Cricket enters, trembling with cold, and dripping with wet.*)

Cricket. Dear Ant, will you not be so good as to help a poor fellow who has nothing to eat? I want a coat for my back, and shoes for my feet, a shelter from rain, and a mouthful of grain. I wish only to borrow; I will pay you tomorrow.

Ant. Do you know, my good friend, that we Ants never borrow, we Ants never lend? But tell me, I pray, did you lay nothing by when the weather was warm?

Cricket. Not I! My heart was so light that I sang day and night, for all things looked gay.

Ant. You sang, sir, you say? Go then and dance winter away. (*The Cricket turns slowly away.*) I am sure I'd

be very, very poor if I idled away every warm summer day, and I think that this rule is both right and good, "He who lives without work must go without food."

HANSEL AND GRETEL

HANSEL AND GRETEL

SCENE I

TIME: Late one night.

PLACE: The living-room in the home of the children.

CHARACTERS

THE FATHER — THE MOTHER

HANSEL — GRETEL

(*The father and mother sit by the table. The children are lying in their little cot.*)

Father. What is to become of us? How are we to get food for our poor children, now that we have nothing more for ourselves?

Mother. I'll tell you what: early tomorrow morning we'll take the children out into the thickest part of the wood. There we will light a fire for them and give them each a piece of bread; then we'll go on to our work and leave them alone. They won't be able to find their way home, and we shall thus be rid of them.

Father. No, wife, that I won't do; how could I find it in my heart to leave my children alone in the wood? The wild beasts would soon come and tear them to pieces.

Mother. Oh, you silly man; then we must all four die of hunger, and you may just as well go and make their coffins.

Father. Well, well, wife, I suppose I must do as you say. But I can't help feeling sorry for the poor children.

(*The father and mother go away to bed. The children sit up and look sadly at each other.*)

Gretel (*weeping*). Now we shall have to die.

Hansel. No, no, Gretel; don't fret; I'll be able to find a way out of the wood. (*He gets up and slips on his coat, and goes softly out of the room. He returns in a moment with his hands full of white pebbles, which he puts in his pocket.*) Be of good cheer, my dear little sister, and go to sleep. God will not leave us. (*He lies down, and they both sleep.*)

SCENE II

TIME: The next day about noon.

PLACE: The forest.

CHARACTERS

THE FATHER	THE MOTHER
HANSEL	GRETEL

Father. Now, children, go and fetch a lot of wood, and I'll light a fire, that you may not feel cold. (*The children run about and gather wood. The father lights the pile.*)

Mother. Now lie down at the fire, children, and rest yourselves. We are going into the forest to cut down wood. When we have done we'll come back and fetch you. (*The father and mother disappear in the forest.*)

(*The children sit down by the fire, and presently fall asleep. As they sleep, night comes on.*)

Gretel (*waking and rubbing her eyes*). Oh! dear Hansel, how shall we ever get out of the wood?

Hansel. Wait a bit till the moon is up, and then we'll find our way sure enough. You know I dropped the white pebbles all along the way. We have only to follow them. (*When the moon rises they go hand in hand through the forest, following the stones.*)

SCENE III

TIME: Daybreak the next morning.
PLACE: The door of their father's house.

Hansel: **"Wait a bit till the moon is up, and then we'll find our way."**

CHARACTERS

THE FATHER	THE MOTHER
HANSEL	GRETEL

(*The children come slowly up to the door and Hansel knocks.*)

Mother (*opening the door*). You bad children, what a time you've slept in the wood! We thought you were never going to come back.

Father (*embracing them*). Oh, my dear children! How glad I am to see you again.

SCENE IV

TIME: Some months later.
PLACE: Same as Scene I.

CHARACTERS

THE FATHER	THE MOTHER
HANSEL	GRETEL

(*The father and mother sit as before at the table. The children are in their cot.*)

Mother. Everything is eaten up once more; we have only half a loaf in the house, and when that's done we shall starve. The children must be got rid of. We'll lead them deeper into the wood this time, so that they won't be able to find their way out again. There is no other way of saving ourselves.

Father. Surely it would be better to share the last bite with one's children!

Mother. What a silly man you are! Isn't it better for two to die than four? (*The father sighs, but does not answer. They go off to bed. Hansel steals out of bed and tries to open the door, but it is locked.*)

Hansel (*coming back to the cot*). Don't cry, Gretel, and sleep well, for God is sure to help us. (*They sleep.*)

SCENE V

TIME: The next day.

PLACE: Deep in the forest.

CHARACTERS

THE FATHER THE MOTHER

HANSEL GRETEL

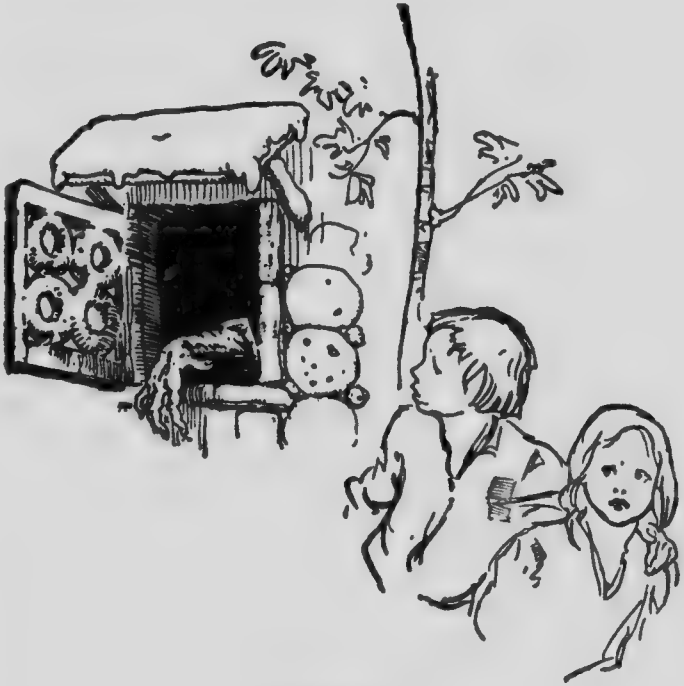
(*They have made another big fire of wood.*)

Mother. Just sit down there, children, and if you're tired you can sleep a bit. We are going into the forest to cut down wood, and in the evening, when we have done our work, we'll come back and fetch you. (*The father and mother go away. The children fall asleep as before and do not waken till after dark.*)

Hansel (*trying to cheer Gretel, who is weeping*). Only wait, Gretel, till the moon rises; then we shall see the bread crumbs I threw along the path; they will show us the way back to the house. (*When the moon rises, they go and look for the crumbs. They are gone.*)

Gretel. Oh! Hansel, there are no crumbs. The birds have eaten them.

Hansel. Never mind; you'll see we'll still find a way out. (*They wander about hand in hand through the forest.*)



SCENE VI

TIME: Three mornings later.
PLACE: In front of the witch's house.

CHARACTERS

HANSEL GRETEL

THE WITCH

(*The house is made of gingerbread and the window is made of sugar.*)

Hansel. Now we'll set to and eat all we want.

Gretel. I'll eat a bit of the roof, and you can eat some of the window, which you'll find sweet and good. (*She breaks off a little bit of the roof, and Hansel begins to bite at the window.*)

Witch (*within*). Nibble, nibble, little mouse, who's nibbling my house?

Children. 'Tis heaven's own child, the tempest wild.

(*The door suddenly opens and the witch comes out, leaning on her staff.*)

Witch. Oh, ho! You dear children, who led you here? Just come in and stay with me. No ill shall befall you.

(*She takes them by the hand and leads them into the house.*)

SCENE VII

TIME: The next morning.
PLACE: The yard of the witch's house.

CHARACTERS

HANSEL GRETEL

THE WITCH

(*Enter the witch dragging Hansel to a cage, into which she thrusts him.*)

Witch (*through the window to Gretel*). Get up, you lazy-bones, fetch water and cook something for your brother. When he's fat I'll eat him up.

SCENE VIII

TIME: Four weeks later.
PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS

GRETEL HANSEL

THE WITCH

Witch. Hi! Gretel, be quick and get some water. Hansel may be fat or thin, but I'm going to kill him this morning and cook him.

Gretel (*running out, weeping*). Kind Heaven, help us now! If only the wild beasts in the wood had eaten us, then at least we should have died together.

Witch. Hold your peace! That won't help you. (*Gretel puts a kettle of water on the fire.*) First we'll bake some bread. I've heated the oven and made the dough. Creep in and see if it is quite hot, so that we can shove in the bread.

Gretel. I don't know how I'm to do it; how do I get in?

Witch. You silly goose! the door is big enough; see, I could get in myself. (*She pokes her head into the oven. Gretel shoves her right in and shuts the door.*)

Gretel (*running to Hansel's cage*). Hansel, we are free; the old witch is dead. (*She opens the door. Hansel springs out.*

They embrace each other and jump for joy.)

Hansel (*quieting down*). Come, Gretel, let us go home. I am sure I can find the way now. Our father will be sorrowing for us. (*They go hand in hand through the forest.*)

SCENES FROM PINOCCHIO

THE ORIGIN OF PINOCCHIO

TIME: Once upon a time.

PLACE: The workshop of Antonio, the woodcutter

CHARACTERS
ANTONIO
GEPETTO

(*Antonio is on the floor. He has fallen down in surprise at hearing a piece of wood speak. A knock at the door.*)

Antonio. Come in. (*Gepetto enters.*)

Gepetto. Good morning, Master Antonio. What are you doing on the ground?

Antonio. I am teaching arithmetic to the ants. What has brought you here, friend Gepetto?

Gepetto. My legs, Master Antonio. I came to ask a favour of you.

Antonio (*rising to his knees*). Here I am, ready to serve you.

Gepetto. This morning an idea came into my head.

Antonio. Let us hear it.

Gepetto. I thought of making for myself a pretty wooden marionette that can dance, fence, and turn somersaults. With this marionette I wish to travel about the world to earn my living.

Antonio. And now, friend Gepetto, what is the favour you wish from me?

Gepetto. I need a piece of wood with which to make my marionette. Will you give it to me?

Antonio. Gladly. (*He takes up the piece of wood that had frightened him so. When he is about to hand it to Gepetto the piece of wood gives a spring, and, slipping from his hands, falls and strikes the shins of poor Gepetto.*)

Gepetto. Oh! you have a polite way of giving presents, Master Antonio. You have almost lamed me.

Antonio. I swear to you that it was not I.

Gepetto. Then I suppose I did it myself.

Antonio. The fault is in the wood.

Gepetto. But it was you who threw it at my legs.

Antonio. I did not throw it at you. (*Gepetto looks puzzled, but picks up the piece of wood and goes away limping.*)

PINOCCHIO AND THE SPEAKING CRICKET

TIME: The afternoon of the day upon which Pinocchio was made.

PLACE: Gepetto's room.

CHARACTERS

PINOCCHIO

THE SPEAKING CRICKET

(*Pinocchio runs in breathless. He throws himself on a chair and heaves a great sigh of relief.*)

THE SPEAKING CRICKET

Pinocchio: "Who is calling me?"

Cricket. Cri–cri–cri.

Pinocchio (*frightened*). Who is calling me?

Cricket. It is I.

Pinocchio. Who are you, Cricket? Tell me.

Cricket. I am the Speaking Cricket, and I have lived in this room more than a hundred years.

Pinocchio. To-day, however, this room is mine, and if you wish to do me a favour, go away at once, without even looking back.

Cricket. I will not go away without telling you a great truth.

Pinocchio. Tell it to me then and make haste.

Cricket. Woe to boys who rebel against their parents and who foolishly run away from their homes. They will never have good luck in this world, and sooner or later will bitterly repent of their conduct.

Pinocchio. Sing on, little Cricket, if

it pleases you; but I know that to-morrow at sunrise I shall run away, because if I stay here my fate will be that of all other boys. I shall be sent to school and be made to study, and I tell you in confidence that I do not like to study. I mean to play and run after butterflies and climb trees and take little birds out of their nests.

Cricket. Poor little dunce! Do you not know that by doing so you will make a donkey of yourself and that everybody will make fun of you?

Pinocchio. Be still, you dismal little Cricket.

Cricket (*continuing*). And if you dislike going to school, why not at least learn a trade so as to be able to earn honestly a piece of bread?

Pinocchio (*impatiently*). Shall I tell you my reason? Because among the trades of the world there is only one that is really suitable to me.

Cricket. And what is that trade?

Pinocchio. That of eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing myself, and of living, from morning till night, the life of a vagabond.

Cricket. Remember that all who live that way end in the hospital or in prison.

Pinocchio. Take care, Cricket, take care! If I get into a rage, beware!

Cricket. Poor Pinocchio! You make me pity you.

Pinocchio. Why do I make you pity me?

Cricket. Because you are a marionette; and, what is worse, you have a wooden head.

(*Pinocchio jumps up enraged, and taking a hammer from a bench flings it at the Cricket. The hammer strikes the Cricket in the head. Faintly crying "Cri-cri-cri," he dies.*)

PINOCCHIO AND FIRE-EATER

SCENE I

TIME: Evening of the day of Pinocchio's visit to the Theatre of Marionettes.

PLACE: Fire-Eater's kitchen.

CHARACTERS

PINOCCHIO PULCINELLO
FIRE-EATER GUARDS
HARLEQUIN

(*Fire-Eater is tending a sheep which is cooking on a spit; Harlequin and Pulcinello stand near.*)

Fire-Eater. Bring me the marionette which you will find fastened to the wall. He seems to be made of dry wood, and I am sure he will make a beautiful flame for my roast.

(*Harlequin and Pulcinello hesitate, but frightened by a scowling glance from Fire-Eater, they obey. They return to*

the kitchen carrying Pinocchio in their arms.)

Pinocchio (*wriggling like an eel*). Oh! papa, save me! I do not wish to die! No, I do not wish to die! (*Continues to sob.*)

(*Fire-Eater listens in silence at first, but as Pinocchio ceases to speak, he gives a loud sneeze.*)

Harlequin. Good news, brother! The master has sneezed, and this is a sign that he pities you, and now you are safe.

Fire-Eater (*still looking cross*). Stop crying! Your lamentations make me uncomfortable. I feel a spasm which almost — etchi — etchi! (*He sneezes twice again.*)

Pinocchio. God bless you!

Fire-Eater. Thanks. And your papa and mamma, are they still living?

Pinocchio. Papa, yes; but I have never known my mother.

Fire-Eater. Who knows what pain

I should have caused your father if I had thrown you on the coals. Poor old man! How I pity you — etchi-etchi-etchi! (*He sneezes three times.*)

Pinocchio. God bless you.

Fire-Eater. Thanks! But I am also to be pitied because, as you see, I have no wood with which to finish cooking my meat and you would have made a hot fire. However, now that I have taken pity on you, I must have patience. Instead of you I shall burn one of my company. Ho! Guards!

(*Guards appear with soldier caps on their heads and swords at their sides.*)

Fire-Eater. Bring Harlequin, securely bound, and throw him on the fire. I want my meat well cooked.

(*Harlequin falls face downward on the floor. Pinocchio throws himself at the feet of the manager.*)

Pinocchio (*in a beseeching voice*). Have mercy, Mr. Fire-Eater.

Fire-Eater. There are no misters here.

Pinocchio. Have mercy, good cavalier.

Fire-Eater. There are no cavaliers here.

Pinocchio. Have mercy, good commander.

Fire-Eater. There are no commanders here.

Pinocchio. Have mercy, your Excellency.

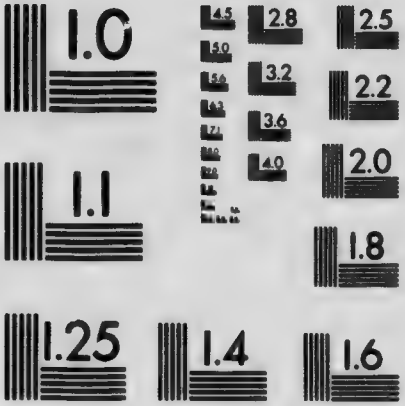
Fire-Eater (*in a gentle voice*). Well, what can I do for you?

Pinocchio. I beg of you, spare poor Harlequin.

Fire-Eater. That is impossible. Since I have spared you I must put him on the fire. I want my meat well cooked.

Pinocchio (*proudly*). In that case I know what my duty is. Come, guards! Bind me and throw me among the flames. It is not right that Harlequin, my true friend, should die for me.

Fire-Eater (*sneezing four or five times, and holding out his arms to Pinocchio*).



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

You are a brave boy. Come here and give me a kiss. (*Pinocchio runs and kisses him on the tip of his nose.*)

Harlequin. Then am I saved?

Fire-Eater. Yes, you are saved. I will have patience. To-night I will eat my mutton half-cooked. But another time woe unto him who shall be chosen.

SCENE II

TIME: The next day.
PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS
PINOCCHIO
FIRE-EATER

Fire-Eater. What is your papa's name?
Pinocchio. Gepetto.
Fire-Eater. What is his business?
Pinocchio. He is a beggar.
Fire-Eater. Does he earn much?
Pinocchio. He earns so much that he

never has a cent in his pockets. Just think of it! In order to buy my A B C card he had to sell his only coat! It was covered with patches and darns.

Fire-Eater. Poor fellow, I pity him! Here are five gold coins. Go quickly and take them to him, and give him my compliments.

Pinocchio (*clasping his hands*). Ah, thank you many times for your goodness.

(*He goes out.*)

THE FIELD OF MIRACLES

SCENE I

TIME: An hour later.
PLACE: A road.

CHARACTERS

PINOCCHIO THE FOX
THE CAT

(*Pinocchio is walking along the road. He meets the Fox and the Cat. The Fox is*

lame and leans on the Cat. The Cat is blind and is guided by the Fox.)

The Fox (*politely*). Good-day, Pinocchio.

Pinocchio. How does it happen that you know my name?

The Fox. I know your papa very well.

Pinocchio. Where have you seen him?

The Fox. I saw him yesterday at the door of his house.

Pinocchio. And what was he doing?

The Fox. He was in his shirt sleeves and was shivering with the cold.

Pinocchio. Poor papa! But he shall shiver no more after to-day.

The Fox. Why?

Pinocchio. Because I have become rich. I am a great gentleman.

The Fox (*laughing rudely*). You a rich gentleman!

Pinocchio (*angrily*). There is nothing

to laugh about! I am sorry to make you envious, but here are five gold coins. (*He takes out the money and shows it.*)

The Fox. And now what will you do with that money?

Pinocchio. First of all, I shall buy for my papa a coat of gold and silver with diamond buttons; and then I shall buy an A B C card for myself.

The Fox. For yourself?

Pinocchio. Yes, indeed, because I wish to go to school and study hard.

The Fox. Look at me! Through a foolish passion for studying I have lost a leg.

The Cat. Look at me! Because of my foolish passion for studying I have lost both eyes.

The Fox (*suddenly*). Should you like to double your money?

Pinocchio (*stammering*). I don't understand you.

The Fox. Do you wish to make with

those miserable gold pieces a hundred, a thousand, two thousand?

Pinocchio. Of course! But how can I do it?

The Fox. Oh, easily. Instead of going home, come with us.

Pinocchio. And where would you take me?

The Fox. To the country of the Owls.

Pinocchio (*resolutely*). No, I will not go with you. My papa is expecting me. Who knows how worried the poor old man may have been when I did not return yesterday. I know that I have been a bad son and the Speaking Cricket was right when he said: "Disobedient boys can never have good luck in this world." I have aleady had many misfortunes. Only yesterday at the house of Fire-Eater I ran the risk — Brr! (*He weeps and trembles at the memory.*) It makes me tremble to think of it.

The Fox. Then you want to go home?

All right, go home. So much the worse for you.

The Cat. So much the worse for you.

The Fox. Think well, Pinocchio, for you are throwing away a fortune.

The Cat. A fortune!

The Fox. To-morrow your five gold pieces might be two thousand.

The Cat. Two thousand!

Pinocchio (*amazed*). But how is it possible that they can become so many?

The Fox. I will explain it to you. You must know that in the country of the Owls there is a sacred field called "The Field of Miracles." In this field you dig a little hole and plant a gold coin. Then you cover it up with some earth, throw on two pailfuls of spring water, then sprinkle a pinch of salt over it. At night you go quietly to bed and sleep peacefully. During the night the gold piece will begin to grow and blossom. In the morning, returning to the field, what

will you find? You will find a tree laden with gold coins, like kernels on an ear of corn.

Pinocchio. If I buried five coins, how many should I find next morning?

The Fox. Oh, the counting is easy. You can do it on your fingers. Every gold piece turns into five hundred. Multiply five hundred by five and you will have two thousand five hundred.

Pinocchio (*jumping with delight*). Oh, how fine! As soon as I have gathered all those gold coins, I will take two thousand for myself and I will give the other five hundred to you.

The Fox. A present to us! No indeed!

The Cat. No indeed!

The Fox. We work only to enrich others.

The Cat. Only others!

Pinocchio (*to himself*). What kind people! (*Aloud.*) Come along, I will go with you. (*They walk on together.*)

SCENE II

TIME: A few hours later.
PLACE: The Field of Miracles.

CHARACTERS

PINOCCHIO THE FOX
THE CAT

The Fox. Here we are. Now stoop down and make a small hole in the ground and plant your gold coins.

(*Pinocchio obeys. Then he covers the hole with earth.*)

The Fox. Now then go to the spring and get a little water and moisten the ground.

(*Pinocchio takes off his shoe and fills it with water, which he sprinkles on the ground covering his money.*

Pinocchio. Is there anything else to be done?

The Fox. Nothing more. Now we

can go away. To-morrow morning at sunrise you can return and you will find a little tree laden with coins.

(*They all walk away, Pinocchio looking back at the place where he has left his money.*)

SCENE III

TIME: The next morning.
PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS
PINOCCHIO
THE PARROT

Pinocchio (*entering, talking excitedly to himself*). What if instead of two thousand I should find five thousand! (*He stops short and stares at the place where he planted his money. There is nothing there. A Parrot in a tree near by laughs.*)

Pinocchio (*angry*). Ill-bred Parrot! Why do you laugh?

Parrot. I laugh at those simpletons who believe every foolish thing that is told them.

Pinocchio. Are you speaking of me?

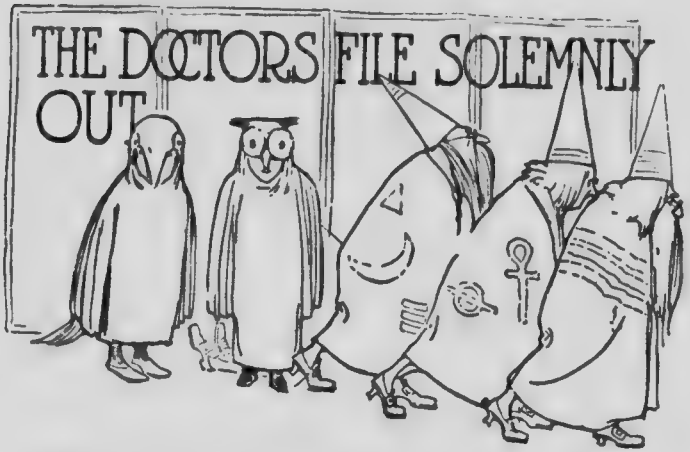
Parrot. Yes, I mean you, my poor Pinocchio. You are foolish enough to believe that money can be planted in a field and gathered like grain and vegetables. I thought so once and to-day I suffer for it. Now I know that in order to make a little money honestly one must work either with his hands or with his head.

Pinocchio (*trembling*). I do not understand you.

Parrot. I will explain more clearly. Know then that while you slept the Fox and Cat came back; they stole the gold coins you had buried and then they fled like the wind.

(*Pinocchio stands dumfounded. Then he rushes to the hole and begins to dig up the earth with his hands. There is nothing there. At last he runs away.*)

THE CONSULTATION



TIME: Just after Pinocchio had been saved from the assassins.

PLACE: A room in the fairy's house.

CHARACTERS

PINOCCHIO
THE FAIRY
THE OWL
THE CROW
THE SPEAKING CRICKET

(*Pinocchio is lying on a couch. The Crow, the Owl, and the Speaking Cricket enter, dressed as doctors.*)

Fairy (*turning toward the doctors*). Gentlemen, I should like to know if this unfortunate marionette is alive or dead.

The Crow (*stepping forward, feeling the pulse of Pinocchio, examining his nose, then his little toe*). It is my belief that the marionette is dead; but if unfortunately he should not be dead, that would be sure sign that he is alive.

The Owl. I regret that I have to contradict the Crow, my illustrious friend and colleague. I think the marionette is alive, but if, unluckily, he should not be alive, it would be a sure sign that he is dead.

Fairy (*to Talking Cricket*). Have you nothing to say?

Cricket. I say that a prudent doctor, when he does not understand the case, should remain silent. That marionette's face is familiar to me. I have known him a long while. (*Pinocchio trembles violently.*)

Cricket. That marionette is a rascal. (*Pinocchio opens his eyes and closes them quickly.*)

Cricket. He is a scamp, a good-for-nothing, a vagabond. (*Pinocchio hides his face.*)

Cricket. That marionette is a disobedient son who will break his father's heart. (*Pinocchio begins to sob and cry.*)

Crow (*solemnly*). When a dead boy cries, it is a sign that he is recovering.

Owl. I am sorry to contradict my illustrious friend and colleague, but it is my opinion that when a dead boy cries, it is a sign that he does not want to die.

(*The doctors file solemnly out of the room.*)

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE AND THE CHESHIRE CAT

TIME: Just before the mad tea party.
PLACE: A wood in Wonderland.

SCENE I

CHARACTERS

ALICE CHESHIRE CAT

Alice. Cheshire Puss, would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?

Cat. That depends a good deal upon where you want to get to.

Alice. I don't much care where ——

Cat. Then it doesn't matter which way you go.

Alice. So long as I get somewhere.

Cat. Oh, you're sure to do that if you only walk long enough.

Alice. What sort of people live about here?

Cat. In that direction (*waving its right paw*) lives a Hatter: and in that direction (*waving the other paw*) lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad.

Alice. But I don't want to go among mad people.

Cat. Oh, you can't help that; we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

Alice. How do you know I'm mad?

Cat. You must be, or you wouldn't have come here.

Alice. And how do you know that you're mad?

Cat. To begin with, a dog's not mad. You grant that.

Alice. I suppose so.

Cat. Well, then, you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad.

ALICE AND THE CHESHIRE CAT

Alice: "How do you know I'm mad?"

Alice. I call it purring, not growling.

Cat. Call it what you like. Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?

Alice. I should like it very much, but I haven't been invited yet.

Cat. You'll see me there. (*Vanishes.*)

THE MAD TEA PARTY

TIME: A little later.

PLACE: The March Hare's garden.

CHARACTERS

ALICE THE DORMOUSE

THE MARCH HARE

(*A table set out under a tree in front of the house, the March Hare and the Hatter having tea at it; the Dormouse sitting between them fast asleep; all three crowded together at one corner of the table. Alice approaches rather timidly.*)

March Hare and the Hatter (*as they see Alice coming*). No room! No room!

Alice (*indignantly*). There's plenty of room (*seating herself*).

March Hare. Have some wine?

Alice. I don't see any wine.

March Hare. There isn't any.

Alice (*angrily*). Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

March Hare. It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

Alice. I didn't know it was *your* table; it's laid for a great many more than three.

The Hatter. Your hair wants cutting.

Alice (*severely*). You should learn not to make personal remarks; it's very rude.

The Hatter (*opening his eyes very wide*). Why is a raven like a writing desk?

Alice (*to herself*). Come, we shall have some fun now. (*Aloud.*) I believe I can guess that.

March Hare. Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?

Alice. Exactly so.

March Hare. Then you should say what you mean.

Alice (*hastily*). I do, at least — at least I mean what I say. That's the same thing, you know.

The Hatter. Not the same thing a bit! Why, you might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see."

March Hare. You might just as well say that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like."

The Dormouse. You might just as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe."

The Hatter. It *is* the same thing with you. (*Taking his watch out of his pocket, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear; turning to Alice.*) What day of the month is it?

Alice. The fourth.

The Hatter (*sighing*). Two days wrong!

(*Looking angrily at the March Hare.*) I told you butter wouldn't suit the works.

The March Hare (*meekly*). It was the *best* butter.

The Hatter (*grumbling*). Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well; you shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife.

The March Hare (*taking the watch and looking at it gloomily; then dipping it into his cup of tea and looking at it again*). It was the best butter, you know.

Alice (*looking over his shoulder*). What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is.

The Hatter. Why should it? Does your watch tell you what year it is?

Alice. Of course not, but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

The Hatter. Which is just the case with mine.

Alice. I don't quite understand you.

The Hatter (*pouring a little hot tea on the Dormouse's nose*). The Dormouse is asleep again.

The Dormouse (*shaking its head impatiently without opening its eyes*). Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself.

The Hatter (*to Alice*). Have you guessed the riddle yet?

Alice. No, I give it up. What's the answer?

The Hatter. I haven't the slightest idea.

The March Hare. Nor I.

Alice (*sighing wearily*). I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.

The Hatter. If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it.* It's *him.*

Alice. I don't know what you mean.

The Hatter (*tossing his head contempt-*

uously). Of course you don't. I dare say you never even spoke to Time.

Alice (*cautiously*). Perhaps not, but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

The Hatter. Ah! That accounts for it. He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one; time for dinner!

The March Hare (*to himself*). I only wish it was.

Alice (*thoughtfully*). That would be grand, certainly; but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

The Hatter. Not at first, perhaps; but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.

Alice. Is that the way *you* manage?

The Hatter (*shaking his head mournfully*). Not I! We quarrelled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know (*pointing at the March Hare*) — it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little bat,
> How I wonder what you're at!"

You know the song perhaps?

Alice. I've heard something like it.

The Hatter. It goes on in this way:

> "Up above the world you fly,
> Like a tea-tray in the sky.
> Twinkle, twinkle ——"

The Dormouse (*singing in its sleep*). "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle ——"

The Hatter. Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, "He's murdering the time! Off with his head!"

Alice. How dreadfully savage!

The Hatter (*mournfully*). And ever since that he won't do a thing I ask. It's always six o'clock now.

Alice. Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?

The Hatter (*sighing*). Yes, that's it; it's always tea time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.

Alice. Then you keep moving round, I suppose?

The Hatter. Exactly so, as the things get used up.

Alice. But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

March Hare (*yawning*). Suppose we change the subject? I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.

Alice. I'm afraid I don't know one.

The March Hare and the Hatter. Then the Dormouse shall! Wake up, Dormouse!

The Dormouse (*slowly opening its eyes*). I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

The March Hare. Tell us a story!

Alice. Yes, please do.

The Hatter. And be quick about it or you'll be asleep again before it's done.

The Dormouse. Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well ——

Alice. What did they live on?

The Dormouse (*thinking a minute or two*). They lived on treacle.

Alice. They couldn't have done that, you know. They'd have been ill.

The Dormouse. So they were, very ill.

Alice. But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

The March Hare (*earnestly*). Take some more tea.

Alice (*in offended tone*). I've had nothing yet, so I can't take more.

The Hatter. You mean you can't take *less;* it's very easy to take *more* than nothing.

Alice. Nobody asked *your* opinion.

The Hatter (*triumphantly*). Who's making personal remarks now?

Alice (*helping herself to tea and bread and butter; turning to the Dormouse*). Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

The Dormouse. It was a treacle well.

Alice (*angrily*). There's no such thing.

The Hatter and the March Hare. Sh! Sh!

The Dormouse (*sulkily*). If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself.

Alice (*humbly*). No, please go on! I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one.*

The Dormouse (*indignantly*). One, indeed! And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know ——

Alice. What did they draw?

The Dormouse. Treacle.

The Hatter. I want a clean cup; let's all move one place on.

(*They all move one place on, Alice taking the place of the March Hare, who had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.*)

Alice (*cautiously*). But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

The Hatter. You can draw water out of a water well; so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well — eh, stupid?

Alice (*to the Dormouse*). But they were *in* the well.

The Dormouse. Of course they were, well in. (*Yawning and rubbing his eyes.*) They were learning to draw and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M ——

Alice. Why with an M?

The March Hare. Why not?

The Dormouse (*closing its eyes and waking up with a little shriek on being pinched by the Hatter*). — That begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are "much of a muchness." Did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

Alice. Really, now you ask me, I don't think ——

The Hatter. Then you shouldn't talk.

Alice (*getting up in great disgust and walking away*). At any rate, I'll never go there again! It's the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

TIME: After the Queen's croquet party.

PLACE: An open place in Wonderland.

CHARACTERS

ALICE THE GRIFFIN

THE MOCK TURTLE

(Alice and the Griffin approaching; in the distance, the Mock Turtle sitting sad and lonely on a rock. As they draw near,

he sighs deeply and looks at them with eyes full of tears, but says nothing.)

Griffin. This here young lady, she wants for to know your history, she do.

Mock Turtle (*in a deep hollow tone*). I'll tell it to her. Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word until I finish. (*They sit down. Nobody speaks for some minutes.*)

Mock Turtle (*with a deep sigh*). Once I was a real turtle.

Griffin. It's all this fancy that; he never was.

Mock Turtle. When we were little we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise ——

Alice. Why did you call him Tortoise if he wasn't one?

Mock Turtle (*angrily*). We called him Tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull.

Griffin. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question. (*To the Mock Turtle.*) Drive on, old fellow. Don't be all day about it.

Mock Turtle. Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it ——

Alice. I never said I didn't.

Mock Turtle. You did.

Griffin. Hold your tongue.

Mock Turtle. We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day.

Alice. I've been to a day-school too. You needn't be so proud as all that.

Mock Turtle. With extras?

Alice. Yes, we learned French and music.

Mock Turtle. And washing?

Alice (*indignantly*). Certainly not.

Mock Turtle. Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school. Now, at ours, they had, at the end of the bill, "French, music, and washing — extra."

Alice. You couldn't have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

Mock Turtle. I couldn't afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

Alice. What was that?

Mock Turtle. Reeling and writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of arithmetic — ambition, distraction, uglification, and derision.

Alice. I never heard of uglification. What is it?

Griffin. Never heard of uglifying! You know what to beautify is, I suppose.

Alice (*doubtfully*). Yes, it means — to make — anything — prettier.

Griffin. Well, then, if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.

Alice (*to the Mock Turtle*). What else had you to learn?

Mock Turtle. Well, there was mystery — mystery, ancient and modern, with seaography: then drawling — the

drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: he taught us drawling, stretching, and fainting in coils.

Alice. What was that like?

Mock Turtle. Well, I can't show it to you myself, I'm too stiff. And the Griffin never learnt it.

Griffin. Hadn't time. I went to the classical master, though. He was an old crab, he was.

Mock Turtle. I never went to him. He taught laughing and grief, they used to say.

Griffin. So he did, so he did.

Alice. How many hours a day did you do lessons?

Mock Turtle. Ten hours the first day, nine the next, and so on.

Alice. What a curious plan!

Griffin. That's the reason they're called lessons, because they lessen from day to day.

Alice. Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?

Mock Turtle. Of course it was.

Alice. And how did you manage on the twelfth?

Griffin. That's enough about lessons. Tell her something about the games now.

'TIS THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD

TIME: A few minutes later.

PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS

ALICE THE GRIFFIN

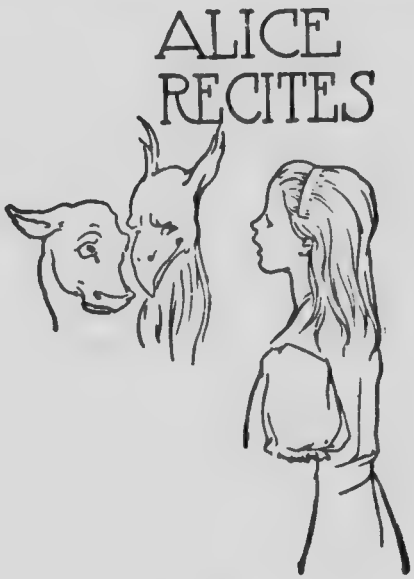
THE MOCK TURTLE

Mock Turtle. I should like to hear *her* try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin.

Griffin (*to Alice*). Stand up and repeat "'Tis the voice of the sluggard."

Alice (*to herself*). How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons! I might just as well be at school at once. (*Gets up and begins to repeat:*)

"'Tis the voice of the lobster; I heard him declare,
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.'
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.
When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the shark:
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound."



Griffin. That is different from what I used to say when I was a child.

Mock Turtle. Well, I never heard it before, but it sounds uncommon nonsense. I should like to have it explained.

Griffin. She can't explain it. Go on with the next verse.

Mock Turtle. But about his toes. How could he turn them out with his nose, you know?

Alice. It's the first position in dancing.

Griffin. Go on with the next verse. It begins, "I passed by his garden."

Alice (in a trembling voice):

"I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the owl, and the panther, were sharing a pie:
The panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
While the owl had the dish as its share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished, the owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon:

While the panther received knife and fork with
a growl,
And concluded the banquet by —— "

Mock Turtle (*interrupting*). What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff, if you don't explain it as you go along? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard.

Griffin. Yes, I think we had better leave off.

THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

TIME: A few minutes later.
PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS

ALICE THE GRIFFIN
THE MOCK TURTLE

(*The Mock Turtle sighs deeply. He looks at Alice for a minute or two, unable to speak. Then he speaks in a voice broken by sobs.*)

Mock Turtle. You may not have lived much under the sea.

Alice. I haven't.

Mock Turtle. And perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster ——

Alice (*begins to speak*) I once tasted—— (*Checks herself hastily*). No, never.

Mock Turtle. So you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!

Alice. No, indeed. What sort of a dance is it?

Griffin. Why, you first form into a line along the seashore ——

Mock Turtle. Two lines! Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on. Then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way ——

Griffin (*interrupting*). That generally takes some time.

Mock Turtle.— You advance twice ——

Griffin. Each with a lobster as a partner!

Mock Turtle. Of course. Advance twice — set to partners ——

Griffin. Change lobsters, and retire in same order.

Mock Turtle. Then, you know, you throw the ——

Griffin (*shouts, with a bound into the air*). The lobsters!

Mock Turtle. As far out to sea as you can.

Griffin. Swim after them!

Mock Turtle. Turn a somersault in the sea!

Griffin (*at the top of its voice*). Change lobsters again!

Mock Turtle (*suddenly dropping his voice*). Back to land again, and — that's all the first figure.

(*The two creatures sit down very sadly and quietly and look at Alice.*)

Alice. It must be a very pretty dance.

Mock Turtle. Would you like to see a little of it?

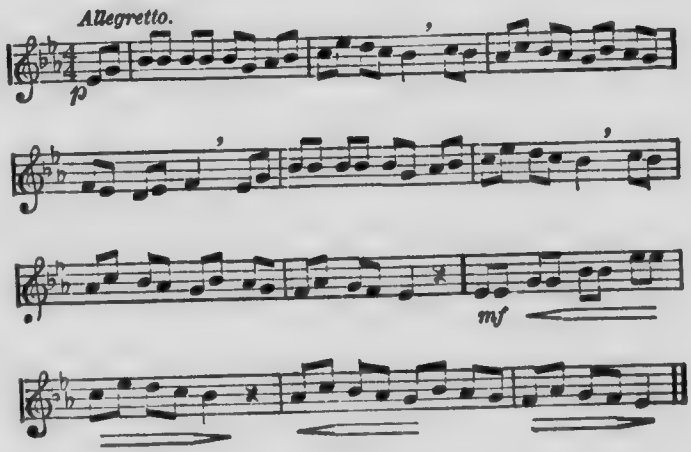
Alice. Very much indeed.

Mock Turtle (*to the Griffin*). Come, let's try the first figure! We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?

Griffin. Oh, you sing. I've forgotten the words.

(*The Griffin and the Mock Turtle place themselves in position to dance. They dance solemnly around Alice, while the Mock Turtle sings slowly and sadly*):

THE MOCK TURTLE'S SONG



"Will you walk a little faster? said a whiting to a snail,
There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

Alice. Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch, and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!

Mock Turtle. Oh, as to the whiting, they — you've seen them, of course?

Alice. Yes, I've often seen them at dinn —— (*She checks herself hastily.*)

Mock Turtle. I don't know where Dinn may be, but if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like?

Alice. I believe so. They have their

tails in their mouths, and they're all over crumbs.

Mock Turtle. You're wrong about the crumbs. Crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they have their tails in their mouths; and the reason is——(*Mock Turtle yawns and shuts his eyes.*) (*To the Griffin.*) Tell her about the reason and all that.

Griffin. The reason is that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all.

Alice. Thank you, it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.

Griffin. I can tell you more than that if you like. Do you know why it's called a whiting?

Alice. I never thought about it. Why?

Griffin (*very solemnly*). It does the boots and shoes.

Alice (*in a wondering tone*). Does the boots and shoes?

Griffin. Why, what are your shoes done with? I mean, what makes them so shiny?

Alice (*looks down at her shoes and considers a little before she answers*). They're done with blacking, I believe.

Griffin (*in a deep voice*). Boots and shoes under the sea are done with whiting. Now you know.

Alice. And what are they made of?

Griffin (*impatiently*). Soles and eels, of course. Any shrimp could have told you that.

Alice. If I'd been the whiting, I'd have said to the porpoise, "Keep back, please, we don't want you with us!"

Mock Turtle. They were obliged to have him with them. No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.

Alice (*in a tone of surprise*). Wouldn't it, really?

Mock Turtle. Of course not. Why,

if a fish came to me, and told me he was going a journey, I should say, "With what porpoise?"

Alice. Don't you mean "purpose?"

Mock Turtle (*in an offended tone*). I mean what I say.

Griffin. Come, let's hear some of your adventures.

THE TRIAL

PLACE: A court of justice.
TIME: A few minutes later.

CHARACTERS

THE KING	THE WHITE RABBIT
THE QUEEN	THE HATTER
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS	THE MARCH HARE
	THE DORMOUSE

THE JURY

(The King as judge is seated on his throne, the Queen beside him. The Knave of Hearts as prisoner is guarded by two soldiers. The White Rabbit stands by the King with a trumpet in one hand and a scroll of parchment in the other. A dish of tarts on a table.)

King. Herald, read the accusation.

(White Rabbit (blows three blasts on the trumpet, unrolls the parchment, and reads):

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!"

King (*to the jury*). Consider your verdict.

White Rabbit (*hastily*). Not yet, not yet! There's a great deal to come before that.

King. Call the first witness.

(*White Rabbit blows three blasts on the trumpet, and calls out, "First witness!" The Hatter enters, accompanied by the March Hare and Dormouse arm in arm. Hatter has a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other.*)

Hatter. I beg pardon, your Majesty, for bringing these in; but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for.

King. You ought to have finished. When did you begin?

Hatter (*looking at the March Hare*). Fourteenth of March, I think it was.

March Hare. Fifteenth.

Dormouse. Sixteenth.

King (*to the jury*). Write that down. (*To the Hatter*.) Take off your hat.

Hatter. It isn't mine.

King. Stolen!

Hatter. I keep them to sell. I've none of my own. I'm a *Hatter.*

King. Give your evidence and don't be nervous or I'll have you executed on the spot.

(*All this time the Queen stares at the Hatter, who trembles violently.*)

King (*angrily*). Give your evidence or I'll have you executed whether you're nervous or not.

Hatter (*in a trembling voice*). I'm a poor man, and I hadn't begun my tea — not above a week or so — and what with the bread and butter getting so thin, and the twinkling of the tea ——

King. Twinkling of what?

Hatter. It began with the tea.

King (*sharply*). Of course twinkling begins with a T! Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!

Hatter. I'm a poor man, and most

things twinkled after that, only the March Hare said ——

March Hare. I didn't.

Hatter. You did.

March Hare. I deny it.

King. He denies it; leave out that part.

Hatter. Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said —— (*The Hatter looks around anxiously to see if he would deny it too; Dormouse is fast asleep. Continues:*) After that I cut some more bread and butter.

One of the jury. But what did the Dormouse say?

Hatter. That I can't remember.

King. You must remember or I'll have you executed.

Hatter (*drops his teacup and bread and butter and goes down on one knee*). I'm a poor man, your Majesty.

King. You're a very poor speaker. If that's all you know about it, you may stand down.

Hatter. I can't go no lower; I'm on the floor as it is.

King. Then you may sit down.

Hatter (*with an anxious look at the Queen*). I'd rather finish my tea.

King. You may go. (*Hatter hurries away.*)

SCENES FROM THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

THE GARDEN OF LIVE FLOWERS

TIME: A few minutes after Alice's entrance into Looking Glass country.

PLACE: The Garden of Live Flowers.

CHARACTERS

ALICE	VIOLET
TIGER-LILY	DAISY
ROSE	LARKSPUR

Alice. Oh, Tiger-lily, I wish you could talk.

Tiger-lily. We *can* talk when there's anybody worth talking to.

Alice (*too astonished to speak for a minute; at last, in a timid voice — almost in a whisper*). And can all the flowers talk?

Tiger-lily. As well as you can, and a great deal louder.

Rose. It isn't manners for us to begin, you know, and I really was wondering when you would speak. Said I to myself, "Her face has got some sense in it, though it's not a clever one!" Still, you're the right colour and that goes a long way.

Tiger-lily. I don't care about the colour; if only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right.

Alice. Aren't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?

Rose. There's the tree in the middle; what else is it good for?

Alice. But what could it do if any danger came?

Rose. It could bark.

Daisy. It says "Bough-wough!" That's why its branches are called boughs.

Alice (*to the Tiger-lily*). How is it you can all talk so nicely? I've been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk.

Tiger-lily. Put your hand down and feel the ground; then you will know why.

Alice (*touches the ground*). It's very hard, but I don't see what that has to do with it.

Tiger-lily. In most gardens they make the beds too soft, so that the flowers are always asleep.

Alice. I never thought of that before.

Rose (*in a severe tone*). It's my opinion you never think at all.

Violet. I never saw anybody that looked stupider.

Tiger-lily. Hold your tongue! As if you ever saw anybody! You keep your

THE GARDEN OF LIVE FLOWERS

Rose: "There's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you."

head under the leaves and snore away there till you know no more of what is going on in the world than if you were a bud!

Alice. Are there any more people in the garden besides me?

Rose. There's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you — I wonder how you do it — but she's more bushy than you are.

Alice. Is she like me? (*To herself.*) There's another little girl in the garden somewhere!

Rose. Well, she has the same awkward shape as you, but she's redder, and her petals are shorter, I think.

Tiger-lily. Her petals are done up close, almost like a dahlia, not tumbled about anyhow, like yours.

Rose (*kindly*). But that's not your fault; you're beginning to fade, you know, and then one can't help one's petals getting a little untidy.

Alice. Does she ever come out here?

Rose. I dare say you'll see her soon. She's one of the thorny kind.

Alice. Where does she wear the thorns?

Rose. Why, all round her head, of course. I was wondering you hadn't got some too. I thought it was the regular rule.

Larkspur. She's coming! I hear her footstep, thump, thump, along the gravel walk!

Alice. I think I'll go and meet her. (*She walks away.*)

ALICE AND THE RED QUEEN

SCENE I

TIME: A few minutes later.

PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS

ALICE

THE RED QUEEN

(*Alice and the Red Queen meet face to face.*)

Red Queen. Where do you come from, and where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers all the time.

Alice (*obeys directions and answers gently*). You see, I've lost my way.

Red Queen. I don't know what you mean by your way; all the ways about here belong to me — but why did you come out here at all? Curtsey while you're thinking what to say. It saves time. (*Looking at her watch.*) It's time for you to answer now. Open your mouth a little wider when you speak, and always say "Your Majesty."

Alice. I only wanted to see what the garden was like, Your Majesty.

Red Queen (*patting Alice on the head*). That's right. Though when you say "garden," I've seen gardens compared with which this would be a wilderness.

Alice. And I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill.

Red Queen. When you say "hill," I could show you hills in comparison with which you'd call that a valley.

Alice. No, I shouldn't; a hill can't be a valley. That would be nonsense.

Red Queen. You may call it "nonsense" if you like, but I've heard nonsense compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary. (*Alice curtseys again. They walk away in silence.*

SCENE II

TIME: A few minutes later.
PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS
ALICE
THE RED QUEEN

(*Alice and the Red Queen enter running, but cease immediately upon entering. The Red Queen props Alice up against a tree.*)

Red Queen. You may rest a little now.

Alice (*looking around her in great surprise*). Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was!

Red Queen. Of course it is. What would you have it?

Alice (*panting a little*). Well, in our country, you generally get to somewhere else — if you ran very fast for a long time, as we've been doing.

Red Queen. A slow sort of country! Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!

Alice. I'd rather not try, please! I'm quite content to stay here— only I'm so hot and thirsty!

Red Queen (*good naturedly, taking a little box out of her pocket*). I know what you'd like. Have a biscuit? (*Alice ac-*

cepts the biscuit doubtfully and eats it in silence.)

Red Queen (*presently*). Have another biscuit?

Alice. No, thank you, one is quite enough.

Red Queen. Thirst quenched, I hope? Good-bye. (*She walks away. Alice looks after her in wonder.*)

LOOKING-GLASS INSECTS

TIME: Just after Alice's railway journey.

PLACE: A wood in Looking-Glass country.

CHARACTERS

ALICE

THE GNAT

Gnat. What sort of insects do you rejoice in where you come from?

Alice. I don't rejoice in insects at all, because I'm rather afraid of them — at

least the large kind. But I can tell you the names of some of them.

Gnat. Of course they answer to their names?

Alice. I never knew them to do it.

Gnat. What's the use of their having names if they don't answer to them?

Alice. No use to them, but it's useful to the people who name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?

Gnat. I can't say. Farther on, in the wood down there, they've got no names — however, go on with your list of insects; you're wasting time.

Alice (*counting off the names on her fingers*). Well, there's the Horse-fly.

Gnat. All right, halfway up that bush, you'll see a Rocking-horse fly, if you look. It's made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch.

Alice. What does it live on?

Gnat. Sap and sawdust. Go on with the list.

Alice. And there's the Dragon-fly.

Gnat. Look on the branch above your head, and there you will find a Snap-dragon fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy.

Alice. And what does it live on?

Gnat. Frumenti and mince-pie, and it makes its nest in a Christmas-box.

Alice. And then there's the Butterfly.

Gnat. Crawling at your feet (*Alice draws her feet back in some alarm*) you may observe a Bread-and-butter fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread and butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar.

Alice. And what does it live on?

Gnat. Weak tea with cream in it.

Alice. Supposing it couldn't find any?

Gnat. Then it would die, of course.

Alice (*thoughtfully*). But that must happen very often.

Gnat. It always happens.

SCENE I

TIME: A few minutes later.

PLACE: A wood in Looking-Glass country.

CHARACTERS

ALICE

TWEEDLEDUM

TWEEDLEDEE

(*Tweedledum and Tweedledee under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck. Alice stands staring at them.*)

Tweedledum. If you think we're wax-works you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

Tweedledee. Contrariwise. If you think we're alive you ought to speak.

Alice. I'm sure I'm very sorry.

Tweedledum. I know what you're thinking about, but it isn't so, nohow.

Tweedledee. Contrariwise. If it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.

Alice (*very politely*). I was thinking which is the best way out of this wood; it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please? (*No one answers.*)

Alice (*pointing her finger at Tweedledum*). First boy!

Tweedledum (*shutting his mouth up with a snap*). Nohow!

Alice. Next boy

Tweedledee. You've begun wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say "How do you do?" and shake hands! (*The two brothers give each other a hug and hold out the two hands that are free to shake hands with Alice. Alice takes hold of both hands at once. The next moment they are dancing round in a ring, singing, "Here we go round the Mulberry bush."*

Tweedledum. Four times round is enough for one dance. (*They leave off dancing suddenly.*)

SCENE II. — THE BATTLE

TIME: Half-past four on the same day.

PLACE: The same.

CHARACTERS

ALICE

TWEEDLEDUM

TWEEDLEDEE

Tweedledum (*coming up to have his helmet tied on*). Do I look very pale?

Alice (*gently*). Well — yes — a little.

Tweedledum (*in a low voice*). I'm very brave generally, only to-day I happen to have a headache.

Tweedledee. And I've got a toothache. I'm far worse than you!

Alice. Then you'd better not fight to-day.

Tweedledum. We *must* have a bit of a fight. But I don't care about going on long. What's the time now?

Tweedledee (*looking at his watch*). Half-past four.

Tweedledum. Let's fight till six, and then have dinner.

Tweedledee (*rather sadly*). Very well; and *she* can watch us — only you'd better not come *very* close. I generally hit everything I can see — when I get really excited.

Tweedledum. And *I* hit everything

within reach, whether I can see it or not!

Alice (*laughing*). You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think.

Tweedledum (*looking round with a satisfied smile*). I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing for ever so far round by the time we've finished!

Alice. And all about a rattle!

Tweedledum. I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been a new one.

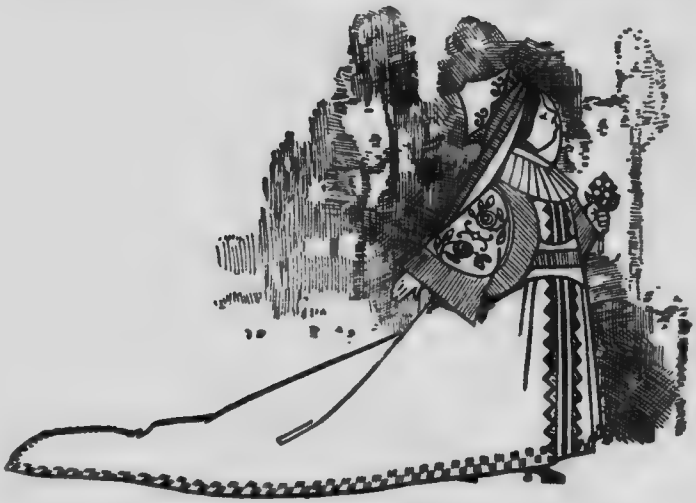
Alice. I wish the monstrous crow would come.

Tweedledum. There's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella. It's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can.

Tweedledee. And darker.

Alice. What a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!

Tweedledum (*in a shrill voice of alarm*). It's the crow! (*They all run away.*)



ALICE AND THE TWO QUEENS

TIME: Some time later.
PLACE: The eight square.

CHARACTERS

ALICE
THE RED QUEEN
THE WHITE QUEEN

Red Queen (*to the White Queen*). I invite you to Alice's dinner party this afternoon.

White Queen (*smiling feebly*). And I invite you.

Alice. I didn't know I was to have a party at all; but if there is to be one, I think *I* ought to invite the guests.

Red Queen. We gave you the opportunity of doing so, but I dare say you've not had many lessons in manners yet.

Alice. Manners are not taught in lessons. Lessons teach you to do sums and things of that sort.

White Queen. Can you do addition? What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?

Alice. I don't know. I lost count.

Red Queen. She can't do addition. Can you do subtraction? Take nine from eight.

Alice. Nine from eight, I can't, you know.

White Queen. She can't do subtrac-

tion. Can you do division? Divide a loaf by a knife — what's the answer to that?

Alice. I suppose ——

Red Queen (*answering for her*). Bread and butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog; what remains?

Alice (*considering*). The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it, and the dog wouldn't remain. It would come to bite me, and I'm sure I shouldn't remain!

Red Queen. Then you think nothing would remain.

Alice. I think that's the answer.

Red Queen. Wrong, as usual; the dog's temper would remain.

Alice. But I don't see how ——

Red Queen. Why, look here! The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?

Alice (*cautiously*). Perhaps it would.

Red Queen. Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain.

Alice (*gravely*). They might go different ways. (*To herself.*) What dreadful nonsense we are talking!

The Queens (*emphatically*). She can't do sums a bit.

Alice (*turning suddenly on the White Queen*). Can you do sums?

The White Queen (*gasping and shutting her eyes*). I can do addition if you give me time, but I can't do subtraction under any circumstances.

The Red Queen. Of course you know your A B C 's?

Alice. To be sure I do.

The White Queen (*whispering*). So do I. We'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret: I can read words of one letter! Isn't that grand? However, don't be discouraged, you'll come to it in time.

The Red Queen. Can you answer useful questions? How is bread made?

Alice (*eagerly*). I know that! You take some flour ——

The White Queen. Where do you pick the flower? In a garden or in the hedges?

Alice (*explaining*). Well, it isn't picked at all; it's ground.

The White Queen. How many *acres* of ground? You mustn't leave out so many things.

The Red Queen (*anxiously*). Fan her head! She'll be feverish after so much thinking.

(*They fan her with bunches of leaves.*)

Alice Please don't do that!

The Red Queen. She's all right again now. Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?

Alice (*gravely*). Fiddle-de-dee's not English.

The Red Queen. Who ever said it was?

Alice (*triumphantly*). If you'll tell me

what language "fiddle-de-dee" is, I'll tell you the French for it.

The Red Queen (*drawing herself up rather stiffly*). Queens never make bargains.

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